FROM HELL
MASTER
COMICS
DECEMBER
10¢
NO. 98
DYNAMIC!
CHIPPING!
ACTION!
starring
CAPT. MARVEL JR.
also
NYOKA - TOM MIX
BULLETMAN

MASTER COMICS

A Fawcett Publication

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CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES
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WHIZ COMICS
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MASTER COMICS
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THE MARVEL FAMILY
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DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY
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REAL WESTERN HERO
•
NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL
•
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Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

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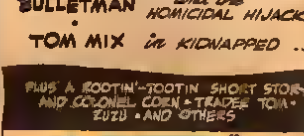
NYOKA *and the* SACRED JEWELS *of the* JUNGLE

BULLETMAN *and the* HOMICIDAL HIJACKERS

TOM MIX *in* KIDNAPPED ...

PLUS A ROOTIN'-TOOTIN' SHORT STORY AND COLONEL CORN • TRADER TOM • ZUZU • AND OTHERS


THE OLD WIZARD SHAZAM HAS GIVEN CLEFFO FREDDY FREEMAN THE POWER TO SHOUT THE NAME OF HIS GREEK CAPTAIN MARVEL, AND TURN INTO THE FAMED FLYING FOE OF EVIL, CAPTAIN MARVEL JR.!
FREDDY FREEMAN, THE CRIPPLED NEWSBOY!
CAPT. MARVEL JR. THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST BOY!

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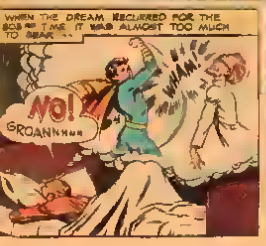
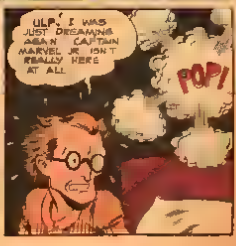
MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

Capt. Marvel Jr.
and
SIVANA JR.'S
DREAM MACHINE
SIVANA JR. INVENTED A MACHINE THAT COULD MANUFACTURE DREAMS - BUT EVEN THE WORLD'S MOST FUN-BOY SCIENTIST COULD NOT FORE-SEE THE NIGHTMARE OF TROUBLE HE WAS MAKING FOR HIMSELF!


WHEN THE DREAM RECURRED FOR THE 808 TH TIME IT WAS ALMOST TOO MUCH TO BEAR
NO!
GROANNNNN
WHAM!


ULP! I WAS JUST DREAMING AGAIN. CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. ISN'T REALLY HERE AT ALL.
POP!

SIGHHH WHY CAN'T I GET A PEACEFUL NIGHT'S SLEEP? THAT CONFOUNDED CAPTAIN MARVEL JR HAUNTS ME NIGHT AND DAY!

I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO BE FREE OF THESE NIGHTMARES! HMMM! I JUST GOT A WONDERFULLY WICKED IDEA! I'LL MAKE PEOPLE PAY PLENTY TO GET RID OF BAD DREAMS!

AFTER DAYS OF UNREMITTING LABOR THE EVILGENIUS, SHAZAM JR., REVISES AN AMAZING INVENTION---

AT LAST, MY DREAM MACHINE! BY HARNESSING THE BRAIN'S ELECTRICAL IMPULSES, I CAN TRANSMIT MY THOUGHTS AS DREAMS IN THE BRAIN OF ANOTHER PERSON!

IT'S TIME FOR MY FIRST EXPERIMENT. HUM! NEXT AND HERE IS THE IDEAL VICTIM!

DAILY GAZETTE

MARVEL RYDER ILLUMINATES AN AMAZING NEW SCIENTIFIC INVENTION

THE FOLLOWING NIGHT AS FREDDY FREEMAN IS RIDING HOME ON THE NEWSPAPER TRUCK---

EAHHHHH!

HOLY MOLEY SOMEONE IS SCREAMING

CAPTAIN MARVEL!

WHEN FREDDY FREEMAN CRIPPLED NEWSBOY UTTERS THE NAME OF HIS HERO, HE IS TRANSFORMED BY A BLAZE OF MAGIC LIGHTNING INTO THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST BOY CAPTAIN MARVEL JR!

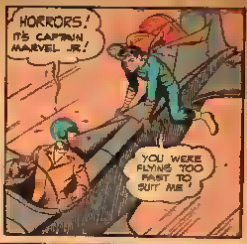
BOOM!

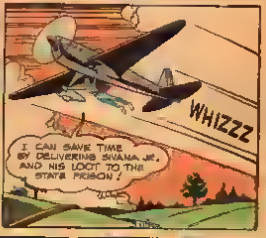
THIS IS THE HARVEY RYDER MANSION SOUNDED AS IF SOMEONE WAS BEING MURDERED

MR. RYDER, WHAT'S WRONG?

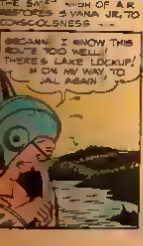
I SAW IT! A SAVAGE MAN-EATING LION! HE LEAPT STRAIGHT AT MY THROAT!

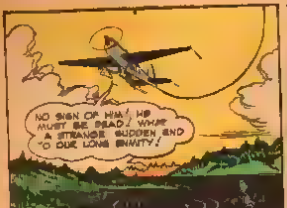
THERE'S NOTHING HERE, MR. RYDER! YOU MUST HAVE BEEN DREAMING
THAT'S WHY IT'S SO UNUSUAL! ONLY YESTERDAY I RECEIVED A NOTE WARNING ME THAT I WOULD BEGIN HAVING TERRIBLE NIGHTMARES— AND NOW IT'S HAPPENED!
WHOEVER WROTE THE NOTE SAID HE COULD CONTROL MY DREAMS SO THAT I'D NEVER BE ABLE TO SLEEP! HE WANTS ONE MILLION DOLLARS TO STOP
HMMM! I KNOW THIS HAND-WRITING ANYWHERE. IT'S SIVANA JRS'! THE WORLD'S WICKEDEST BOY SCIENTIST!
GOOD HEAVENS! THEN HE CAN REALLY DO WHAT HE SAYS. HELL FORCE ME TO PAY—
NOT WHILE I'M AROUND! BUT WE'LL PRETEND THAT YOU'RE READY TO MEET HIS TERMS! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE REST.
LATER
SIVANA JRS. INSTRUCTIONS SAID I WAS TO PLACE THE MONEY IN A SACK, THEN BEND IT HERE AND ATTACH THE SACK TO THIS—
BUT I DON'T SEE HOW HE HOPES TO GET THE MONEY— ANYONE WOULD BE BOUND TO SEE HIM PICKING IT UP HERE HE'D WALK RIGHT INTO A TRAP.
BUT SEVERAL THOUSAND FEET ABOVE...
HEH-HEH! HARVEY RYDER OBEYED MY INSTRUCTIONS TO THE LETTER. NOW TO GET THE MONEY!
JUST LIKE THEY PICK UP EMERGENCY AIR MAIL! AND THERE'S NO DANGER OF BEING CAUGHT!
WHUNN-GG

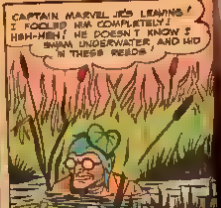


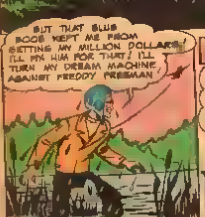


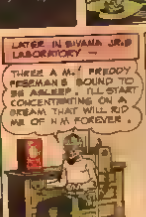
THE SAME MOMENT AS A BLOW RESTORES SIVANA JR. TO CONSCIOUSNESS . . .

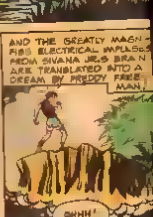



NO SIGN OF HIM! HE MUST BE DEAD! WHAT A STRANGE BURDEN FOR OUR LONG SANITY!


CAPTAIN MARVEL, JR.? LEAVING! I FOOLED HIM COMPLETELY! HAH-HEH! HE DOESN'T KNOW I SWAM UNDERWATER, AND HID IN THESE REEDS!


BUT THAT BLUB BOOB KEPT ME FROM GETTING MY MILLION DOLLARS! I'LL PAY HIM FOR THAT! I'LL TURN MY DREAM MACHINE AGAINST FREDDY FREEMAN!


LATER IN SIVANA JR.'S LABORATORY —
THERE, MR. FREDDY FREEMAN IS BOUND TO BE ASLEEP. I'LL START CONCENTRATING ON A DREAM THAT WILL RID ME OF HIM FOREVER.

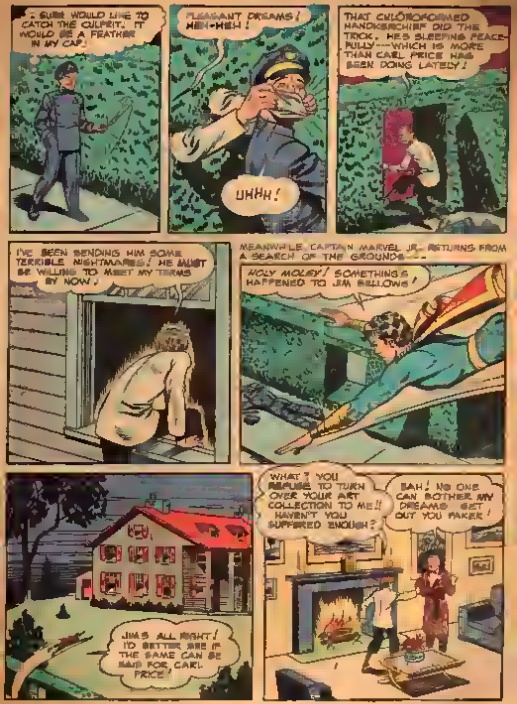

AND THE GREATLY MAGNIFIED ELECTRICAL IMPULSES FROM SIVANA JR.'S BRAIN ARE TRANSLATED INTO A DREAM BY FREDDY FREEMAN.
SHHH!

THAT POOR BOY ON THIS LEDGE! I MUST SAVE HIM!

DON'T WORRY, LITTLE FELLOW! HERE I COME!

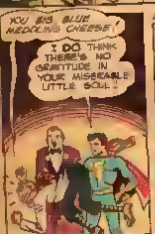
HOLY MOLEY! I'M FALLING... CAPTAIN MARVEL!
POW!
CRASSMH!
ANOTHER SECOND AND FREDDY FREEMAN WOULD HAVE BEEN KILLED! FREDDY NEVER WALKED IN HIS SLEEP BEFORE...
THAT DREAM WAS A STRANGE COINCIDENCE! CAN IT BE THAT IT WAS NO ACCIDENT? IS SIVANA JR. STILL ALIVE? WELL, THERE'S ONE WAY TO FIND OUT—
NEXT MORNING, CAPTAIN MARVEL JR CALLS ON THE MANAGING EDITOR OF THE CITY'S LARGEST NEWSPAPER—
IT'S STRICTLY AGAINST ALL PRECEDENT, CAPTAIN MARVEL JR, BUT I'LL PRINT THAT STORY ON TWO CONDITIONS... FIRST THAT YOU'LL GIVE US THE SCOOP AS SOON AS YOU CAPTURE SIVANA JR!
SIVANA JR.
AND SECOND I'LL ONLY RUN THE STORY IN THE FIRST FEW THOUSAND COPIES OFF THE PRESS! AFTER THAT I'LL HAVE TO PRINT A CORRECTION SO OUR READERS WON'T BE MISLED!
AGREED
SIVANA JR. WILL BE EASIER TO FIND OUT HOW HIS EXPERIMENT WORKED! HE'S CERTAIN TO BUY ONE OF THE FIRST NEWSPAPERS TO HIT THE STREETS!

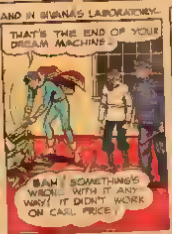
NEXT MORNING—
HEH-HEH! FREEBOY
FREEMAN ISN'T AT HIS NEWSSTAND TODAY! AND I CAN GUESS THE REASON WHY!
EXTRIBES
PAPER! BUY YOUR DAILY PAPER HERE!
HERE, YOU ARE BOY! WHAT HAPPENED TO THE—UH—OTHER NEWSBOY?
I DON'T KNOW, SIR! THEY JUST ASSIGNED ME TO COVER THIS NEIGHBORHOOD!
FREEBOY FREEMAN RISES IN SPECTACULAR NEWSBOY FASHION BY ALL HIS PUBLISHER!
HEH-HEH! IT LOOKS ALMOST TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE! BUT THERE IT IS IN BLACK AND WHITE! THIS IS MY GREATEST TRIUMPH!
NO ONE CAN STAND IN MY WAY NOW! I'LL USE MY DREAM MACHINE TO MAKE ME THE RICHEST MOST POWERFUL BOY IN THE WORLD—THE PRINCE OF THE UNIVERSE!
THAT NIGHT—
PATROLMAN JIM BELLOWS! SO THEY'VE ASSIGNED YOU TO GUARD CARL PIECE, THE FAMOUS ART COLLECTOR!
THAT'S RIGHT! HOW DID YOU KNOW, CAPTAIN MARVEL JR.?
THEY TOLD ME AT POLICE HEAD QUARTERS THAT CARL PIECE ASKED FOR PROTECTION. HE'S BEEN RECEIVING THREATENING LETTERS.
SOME CRACKPOT DEMANDS THAT CARL PIECE TURN OVER HIS WHOLE ART COLLECTION! SAYS HE'LL HAUNT PIECE'S DREAMS UNLESS HE PAYS UP!
KEEP A SHARP WATCH, UNA. THE FELLOW WHO SENT THAT NOTE IS NO CRACKPOT! IN FACT HE'S EXTREMELY DANGEROUS!
I'LL BE CAREFUL, CAPTAIN MARVEL JR! DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME!

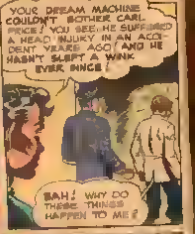

I SURE WOULD LIKE TO CATCH THE CULPRIT. IT WOULD BE A FEATHER IN MY CAP!
PLEASANT DREAMS! HEH-HEH!
UHHH!
THAT CHLOROFORMED HANDKERCHIEF DID THE TRICK. HE'S SLEEPING PEACEFULLY—WHICH IS MORE THAN CARL PRICE HAS BEEN DOING LATELY!
I'VE BEEN SENDING HIM SOME TERRIBLE NIGHTMARES! HE MUST BE WILLING TO MEET MY TERMS BY NOW.
MEANWHILE, CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. RETURNS FROM A SEARCH OF THE GROUNDS—
HOLY MOLEY! SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO JIM ALLOWE!
JIM'S ALL RIGHT! TO BETTER SEE IF THE SAME CAN BE SAID FOR CARL PRICE!
WHAT? YOU REFUSE TO TURN OVER YOUR ART COLLECTION TO ME?! HAVEN'T YOU SUFFERED ENOUGH?
BAH! NO ONE CAN BOTHER MY DREAMS. GET OUT YOU FAKER!

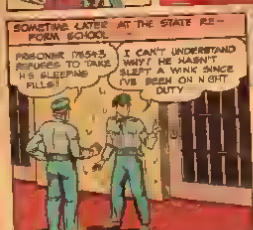
I'M NOT LEAVING WITHOUT THOSE PAINTINGS! SINCE THERE'S NO OTHER WAY, I'LL KILL YOU...!
DON'T PULL THAT TRIGGER!

BANG
POWIE!
YOU OUGHT TO THANK MR. SIVANA JR.! I'M SAVING YOU FROM THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!


YOU BIG BLUE MEDICINE CHEESE!
I DO THINK THERE'S NO GRATITUDE IN YOUR MISERABLE LITTLE SOUL!


AND IN SIVANA'S LABORATORY—
THAT'S THE END OF YOUR DREAM MACHINE!
BAH! SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH IT AGAIN! IT DIDN'T WORK ON CARL PRICE!


YOUR DREAM MACHINE COULDN'T BOTHER CARL PRICE! YOU SEE, HE SUFFERED A HEAD INJURY IN AN ACCIDENT YEARS AGO! AND HE HASN'T SLEPT A WINK EVER SINCE!
BAH! WHY DO THESE THINGS HAPPEN TO ME?


SOMETIME LATER AT THE STATE RE-FORM SCHOOL
PRISONER 7453 REFUSES TO TAKE HIS SLEEPING PILLS!
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY! HE HASN'T SLEPT A WINK SINCE I'VE BEEN ON NIGHT DUTY!

HE'S AFRAID TO! WHENEVER HE DOZES OFF HE HAS TERRIBLE NIGHTMARES ABOUT CAPTAIN MARVEL JR...
TSK-TSK

ADVERTISEMENT

Matty BELL

COACH OF SOUTHERN METHODIST UNIVERSITY'S 1935 CONFERENCE CHAMPIONS

ROASTING A DEVASTATING GROUND AND AERIAL ATTACK MATTY'S MUSTANGS GALLOPED THROUGH A RUGGED 10-GAME SCHEDULE UNDEFEATED, PLAYED TWO BRILLIANG 13-13 TIE WITH POWERFUL TEXAS STATE IN COTTON BOWL GAME.

BELL "RANG THE GONG" HIS FIRST YEAR AT S.M.U. HIS GREAT 1935 TEAM WON NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP UNDEFEATED AND UNTIED, MATTY'S BOYS WERE ONLY TEAM EVER TO REPRESENT SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE IN ROSE BOWL

A VETERAN OF 21 YEARS IN TOUGH SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE COACH MATTY BELL BELIEVES THAT EXPERIENCE OR "KNOW HOW" COUNTS HEAVILY IN ATHLETIC CONTESTS. "EATING AND EATING RIGHT IMPORTANT TOO, MATTY SAYS, "A TRAINS DISH I RECOMMEND IS ONE I'VE ENJOYED FOR YEARS MYSELF - A BIG BOWLFUL OF MILK, FRUIT AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

WHEATIES

BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

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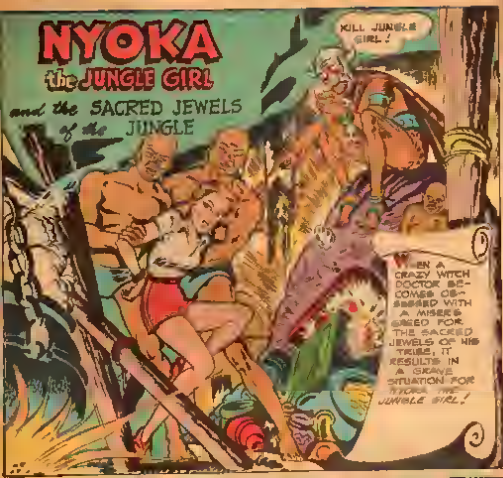
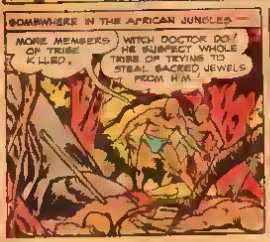
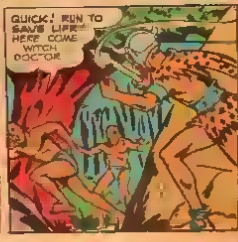
LUMBER JACK
CROWNING GLORY
HERE'S THE BROOM, LUMBERJACK. IT'S YOUR TURN TO SWEEP
LUMBERJACK, HE DOES NOT SWEEP!
WHERE DO YOU GET THAT STUFF- IF EVERYBODY ELSE SWEEPS YOU SWEEP TOO!
EES SAT SO? I WANT TO GET ONE THEENG STRAIGHT...
LUMBERJACK, HE'S KING AROUND HERE!
OH, YEAH?
WELL, IF YOU'RE THE KING, I'M GOING TO CROWN YOU!
BONK
TRADER TOM
HELLO TRADER TOM! I UNDERSTAND HE'S VERY SICK AT
CERTAINLY
GOOD! I HAVE SOME WONDERFUL FOR SALE
WHAT WONDERFUL?
HERE WE ARE JACK! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS LINE?
I DON'T KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT LOVE SO I'LL PASS
I DON'T THINK SO!
NO ANSWER
I'LL GIVE YOU THIS CAR, THE ONLY ONE WE HAVE FOR SALE, WITH NO QUESTIONS ASKED!
BUT WILL IT RUN?
IF ONE OF US HAS QUESTIONS THAT SHOULD BE ASKED!
DON'T BE SILLY, THERE'S AN AMAZING COLD TOWN, BUT I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I'LL DO - JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE MY FRIEND


NYOKA
the JUNGLE GIRL
and the SACRED JEWELS of the JUNGLE
KILL JUNGLE GIRL!
WHEN A CRAZY WITCH DOCTOR BECOMES OBSESSED WITH A WISH TO GRAB FOR THE SACRED JEWELS OF HIS TRIBE, IT RESULTS IN A GRAVE SITUATION FOR NYOKA, THE JUNGLE GIRL!


SOMEWHERE IN THE AFRICAN JUNGLES
MORE MEMBERS OF TRIBE KILLED.
WITCH DOCTOR DO! I SUSPECT WHOLE TRIBE OF TRYING TO STEAL SACRED JEWELS FROM HIM!


QUICK! RUN TO SAVE LIFE! HERE COME WITCH DOCTOR

SO! TRYING TO STEAL MY JEWELS FROM ME!
ME FIX YOU!
AAIIIEEE!!
MACK
MACK
YOU NEVER TRY STEAL AGAIN
NYOKA, THE ARMED JUNGLE GIRL, WHO IS HUNTING IN THE VICINITY, IS ATTRACTED BY THE FRENZIED SCREAMS OF THE PANIC STRICKEN NATIVE...
(GULP) THAT WITCH DOCTOR IS GOING TO KILL THAT NATIVE!
I'VE GOT TO STOP THIS COLD BLOODED MURDER!
OOF!
WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!
THUD!
IT GIRL, ME TEACH YOU TO MIND OWN BUSINESS! BY GUS NESS!
HE MOVES FAST BUT I'M NO SLOUCH, EITHER!

T'S TWO MISSES
E YOU!
ONE MORE AND
YOU'RE OUT!
HEY! COME BACK!
I WANT TO TALK
TO YOU!
ME KNOW WHAT
YOU WANT!
MY SACRED
JEWELS!
BUT---
--YOU NO STEAL
THEM FROM ME!

ME FIX SO YOU NO CAN GET MY JEWELS
HA HA! MY JEWELS! MY PRECIOUS JEWELS! ME RICH MAN IN TRIBE! NO ONE TAKE THEM FROM ME! ME KILL IF TRY!
MEANWHILE -
(GRUNT) IT'S NO USE! I CAN'T BUDGE IT!
HOW ABOUT A FEW OF YOU FELLOWS GIVING ME A HAND? TOGETHER WE MIGHT FORCE OUR WAY IN!
NO! NEVER! NO WANT TO GET NEAR WITCH DOCTOR! HE KILL US!
HOLD ON! WON'T ONE OF YOU AT LEAST TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT?
ME NO HELP - BUT ME TELL YOU.
AFTER THE NATIVE EXPLAINS-
SO THAT'S IT. BACK IN THE STATES WE'D SAY THE WITCH DOCTOR HAS GONE MONEY MAD! ACTUALLY THE JEWELS BELONG TO THE WHOLE TRIBE

NOT IF I CAN HELP IT
SNACK
YOUR GREED IS HEADING YOU FOR A DOWNFALL
CONK
NOW TO GET SOME ROPE TO TIE HIM UP. HE ISN'T SAFE IN THIS MENTAL CONDITION
SHORTLY AFTER---
HURRAY FER NYOKA
SHE TAKE WITCH DOCTOR TO CRAZY HOUSE. NOW WE NO MORE BE AFRAID.
THANKS FOR THE BEER BUT THE ONE WHO DESERVES THE CREDIT IS MY ZEBRA-PHANT FRIEND.
NOW JEWELS BELONG TO TRIBE AGAIN! AND MY BEST FRIEND NATIVES HAVE.

COMIX CARDS
appear every
month in
MASTER COMICS
FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF
NOW-A-DAYS CASHBY
TEEN ALIX
and
ALBERTO RANGE
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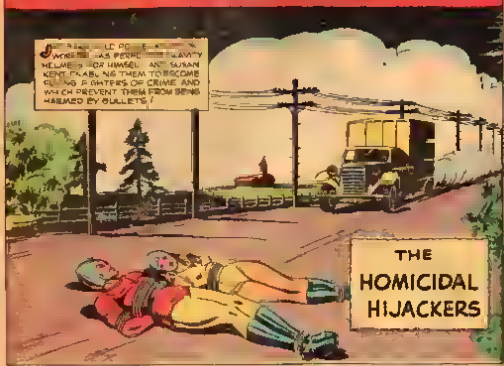
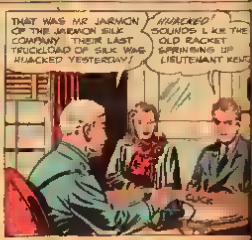
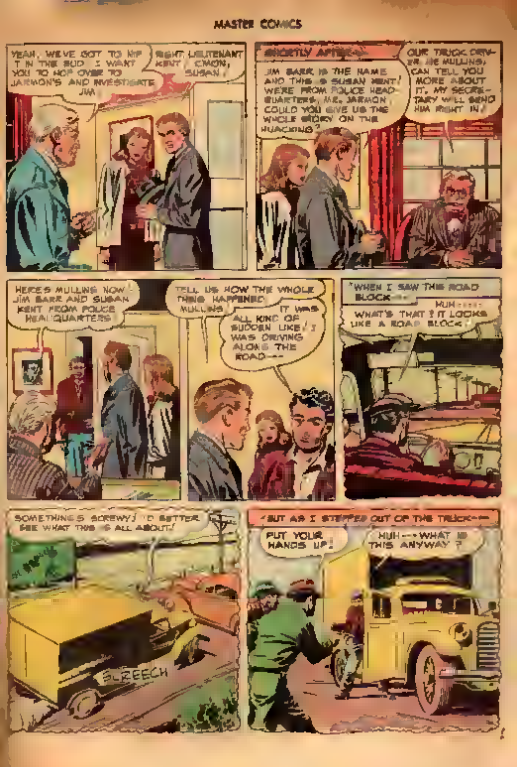
SAM THRILLS HIMSELF FOR A RIDE
HERE'S WHY I CALLED YOU, SAM. A GANG HAS BEEN WRECKING MY TRUCKS. IT'S RUIN MY OUT OF BUSINESS I MIGHT GO TO INVESTIGATE
GLAD TO HELP YOU, BLACKIE. LET ME RIDE ONE OF YOUR TRUCKS TONIGHT
Adventures of SAM SPADE
I'M GOING TO BE RIGHT AT HOME IN MISS EFFIE LOVIN' MY FAVORITE MALT TONIC.
WELL, I'LL FOLLOW A FEW MILES BEHIND IN CASE I'M NEEDED. HELP EFFIE
JUST BE CAREFUL, SAM!
LISTEN TO
MANY MILES LATER
SAY, I THINK I'M AWAKE
THE WAY I FEEL, WHAT SAY LET'S SEE IF THOSE TRUCKS CARRY NO ANYTHING MORE? TAKING BRIGHT AIR WRECK IT!
HAVE A LITTLE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL, FELLOWS
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL
WATER THIS PILE OF WOOD BLAZES! LET'S SNEAK OUT AND TURN 'EM IN
HERE'S A CHECK FROM BLACKIE FOR CATCHING THOSE BOYS, SAM. HE SENT THIS FOR YOU, TOO
A CARTON OF LOVELY MILLION DOLLAR HAIR TONIC... YOU TAKE THE HECK, EFFIE, I'M SATISFIED WITH THIS
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL
Hair Tonic
SAM SPADE says
CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE FINGERNAIL TEST?
TEST IT

DIZZY DAISY
DAISY WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT ON THE STREET THIS TIME OF DAY? I THOUGHT YOU WERE WORKING
NO MORE
NO MORE? WHAT HAPPENED?
I LEFT
YOU LEFT THAT DOOR OPEN NOW COME!
I DO WISH THE BOSS WERE OFF DUTY
I REALLY WHAT IS HE SOUR
HE SAY
YOU'RE FIRED!
ZUZU THE ZOO KEEPER
"JUMPING JACK"
I THINK I'LL GO TAKE A LOOK AT THE KANGAROO CAGE
HUH? LOOK AT KANGAROO JUNIOR JUMPING OUT OF HIS MOTHER'S POUCH!
I SEE MAMA KANGAROO WANTS JUNIOR BACK
HUH? JUNIOR JUMPED OUT AGAIN I WONDER WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM
SAY WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH JUNIOR WHY DOES HE KEEP JUMPING OUT OF YOUR POUCH?
OH-IT ISN'T HIS FAULT IT'S MINE
I'VE GOT THE HICCUPS!

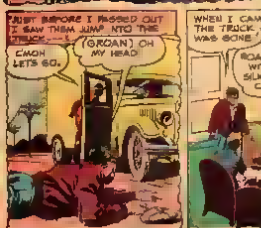
BULLETMAN
THE FLYING DETECTIVE

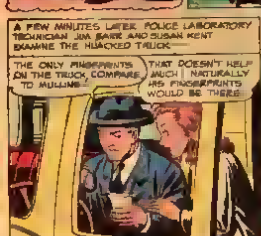



THAT WAS MR JARMON OF THE JARMON SILK COMPANY THEIR LAST TRUCKLOAD OF SILK WAS HIJACKED YESTERDAY!
HIJACKED! SOUNDS LIKE THE OLD RACKET SPRINGING UP LIEUTENANT KENT
CLICK


YEAH, WE'VE GOT TO HOP IT IN THE BUD. I WANT YOU TO HOP OVER TO JARMON'S AND INVESTIGATE JIM
RIGHT, LIEUTENANT KENT! C'MON, SUSAN!
SHORTLY AFTER--
JIM BARR IS THE NAME AND THIS IS SUSAN KENT! WE'RE FROM POLICE HEADQUARTERS, MR. JARMON. COULD YOU GIVE US THE WHOLE STORY ON THE KIDNAPING?
OUR TRUCK DRIVER, JIM MULLINS, CAN TELL YOU MORE ABOUT IT. MY SECRETARY WILL SEND HIM RIGHT IN!
HERE'S MULLINS NOW! JIM BARR AND SUSAN KENT FROM POLICE HEADQUARTERS
TELL US HOW THE WHOLE THING HAPPENED, MULLINS!
IT WAS ALL KINDA SUDDEN LIKE! I WAS DRIVING ALONG THE ROAD--
WHEN I SAW THE ROAD BLOCK--
HUH----
WHAT'S THAT? IT LOOKS LIKE A ROAD BLOCK!
SOMETHING'S SCREWY! I'D BETTER SEE WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!
BEECH
BUT AS I STEPPED OUT OF THE TRUCK--
PUT YOUR HANDS UP!
HUH---WHAT IS THIS ANYWAY?

THIS AIN'T ANY QUIZ PROGRAM SO WE AIN'T ANSWERIN' ANY QUESTIONS!
UGH!
BOW!
"I TRIED TO PUT UP A FIGHT, BUT THE ODDS WERE AGAINST ME
SOCK!


JUST BEFORE I PASSED OUT I SAW THEM JUMP INTO THE TRUCK—
C'MON LETS GO.
(ORGAN) OH MY HEAD!
WHEN I CAME TO LATER THE TRUCK WAS GONE
WE POUND IT ON A SIDE ROAD MR BARR WITH ALL THE SILK SOME OF COURSE!
I'D LIKE TO TAKE MULLINS FINGER PRINTS AND THEN HAVE A LOOK AT THE TRUCK THERE MAY BE SOME CLUES!
GO AHEAD! YOU'LL FIND THE TRUCK IN THE GARAGE DOWN STAIRS!


A FEW MINUTES LATER POLICE LABORATORY TECHNICIAN JIM BARR AND SUSAN KENT EXAMINE THE HIJACKED TRUCK—
THE ONLY FINGERPRINTS ON THE TRUCK COMPARE TO MULLINS!
THAT DOESN'T HELP MUCH NATURALLY HIS FINGERPRINTS WOULD BE THERE!
C'MON SUSAN— I WANT TO ASK MR. JAMISON WHEN HIS NEXT SHIPMENT OF SILK IS GOING OUT.

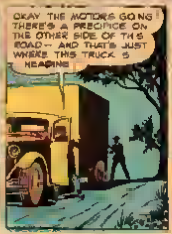
WE'VE LOCKED THE TRUCK OVER AND THERE AREN'T ANY CLUES, MR. JARMON. WHEN IS YOUR TRUCK GOING OUT AGAIN WITH SILK?
THERE'S A SHIPMENT GOING OUT TONIGHT AND IT'LL BE CARRYING A LOAD OF MY MOST EXPENSIVE SILK! IF WE'RE HIJACKED AGAIN I'LL BE OUT OF BUSINESS!
WE'LL SEE WHAT WE CAN DO TO PREVENT THAT, MR. JARMON!
WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO TAKE SPECIAL PRECAUTIONS TO MAKE SURE THAT NOTHING GOES WRONG TONIGHT, SUSAN!
I CAN SEE BULLETMAN AND BULLETGIRL WORKING TONIGHT!
THAT NIGHT---
SUSAN, THERE'S JARMON'S TRUCK STARTING OUT NOW!
THAT MEANS IT'S TIME FOR US TO CHANGE!
WITH A LIGHTNING CHANGE OF COSTUME, JIM BARR AND SUSAN KENT ARE TRANSFORMED INTO THE CRIME-FIGHTING POWER DETECTIVES, BULLETMAN AND BULLETGIRL!
WE'LL FLY ALONG AS PROTECTION! THE HIJACKERS MAY BE WORKING AGAIN TONIGHT!
FROM UP HERE, WE CAN SEE IF THERE ARE ANY HIJACKERS OUT ON THE ROAD

HUH— LOOK BULLETGIRL, THE TRUCK IS TURNING OFF THE ROAD!
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT. IT'S CUTTING RIGHT INTO THE WOODS!
THERE'S SOMETHING PECULIAR GOING ON, BULLETMAN!
LET'S FLY DOWN AND SEE WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!
SO THAT'S IT! IT'S ALL CLEAR TO ME NOW! JOE MULLINS IS PART OF THE KIDNAPING GANG!
NO WONDER WE FOUND ONLY HIS FINGERPRINTS ON THE STEERING WHEEL! HIS WHOLE STORY WAS A LIE
C'MON BULLETGIRL! IT'S TIME FOR US TO SWING INTO ACTION!
I'M RIGHT WITH YOU!
HUH ?— UGH!
YOUR DIRTY DOUBLE GAME IS UP, MULLINS!
POW
BAM
BUT BULLETMAN AND BULLETGIRL HAVE NOT NOTICED EVERYONE—
GOOD WORK, BULLETGIRL! WELL, WIND UP THESE LITTLE RACKS IN NO TIME!
BULLETMAN AND BULLETGIRL, HUH! THIS MONKEY WRENCH WILL TAKE CARE OF THEM
SOCK
CAUGHT FROM BEHIND, A VICIOUS BLOW ACROSS THE BACK OF THE NECK KNOCKS OUT THE FLYING DETECTIVES!
YOU'RE NOT END NG THIS RACKET!
OWW!
SLAM
SMACK

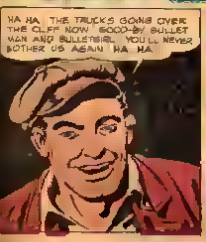
ATTA BOY MAC! NOW LET'S GET 'EM IN THE TRUCK QUICK!

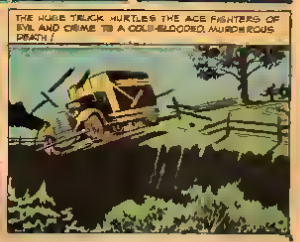
WE GOT ALL THE SILK OUT OF THIS TRUCK ON TO THE OTHER ONE... NOW WE'LL BE RID OF THESE TWO MUGGLERS

AS SOON AS WE GET THIS TRUCK OUT ON THE ROAD WE'LL START THE MOTOR.


OKAY THE MOTOR'S GOING THERE'S A PRECINCE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROAD -- AND THAT'S JUST WHERE THIS TRUCK IS HEADING

THEY FOUND OUT ABOUT OUR RACKET BUT IT AIN'T GONNA DO 'EM ANY GOOD -- THEY'RE DEAD AT THE BOTTOM OF THE GULLEY
C'MON YOU GUYS WE'VE GOT THE SILK! LET'S BEAT IT!


HA HA. THE TRUCK'S GOING OVER THE CLIFF NOW GOOD-BY BULLET MAN AND BULLETGIRL. YOU'LL NEVER BOTHER US AGAIN HA HA


THE HUGE TRUCK HURTLES THE ACE FIGHTERS OF EVIL AND CRIME TO A COLD-BLOODED MURDEROUS DEATH!

BUT THIS STRONG HEALTHY BULLETMAN DOESN'T REMAIN UNCONSCIOUS FOR LONG!
QUICK BULLETGIRL! RAISE UP! THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE! PUT ON YOUR HELMET! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE— AND FAST!
HUH— WHAT HAPPENED? OH I REMEMBER!
WHEW! NOT A SECOND TOO SOON!
C'MON, BULLETGIRL! WE'VE STILL GOT OUR ORIGINAL JOB TO DO! WE'VE GOT TO CAPTURE THOSE HIJACKERS AND BUST UP THAT GANG!
CRASH!
MEANWHILE—
BOY, THIS IS THE BIGGEST HAUL WE EVER MADE!
WE CAN RETIRE FROM NOW ON! WOTTA RACKET THIS IS!
BUT AT THAT MOMENT—
YIPE! BULLETMAN AND BULLETGIRL!
YOU CROOKS ARE GOING TO RETIRE ALL RIGHT—
BUT AT THE STATES PRISON!
U.S.A.
CRASH!
THEY'RE OUT COLD BULLETGIRL! I'LL FLY THEM TO PRISON. YOU DRIVE THIS TRUCK AND THE SILK BACK TO MR JARMON!
LATER, IN MR. JARMON'S OFFICE—
I WON'T NEED YOUR HELP ANYMORE MR PARR; BULLETMAN AND BULLETGIRL CAUGHT THE HIJACKERS AND RECOVERED ALL MY STOLEN SILK!
YES WE KNOW— ER I MEAN WE HEARD ABOUT IT!

Bloobstutter's Mad Money

By Rod Reed

VACUUM BLOOBSTUTTER walked around Washington D C seeing the sights. Walking around near him and on every hand were other sight-seers also seeing the sights. But they had an advantage over Vacuum Bloobstutter because they could see out more sight than he. He could look only at the Washington Monument Lincoln Memorial the Capitol Dome and the various other public buildings and historical edifices but the other sight-seers had no edifices at night to see. They could gaze at Vacuum Bloobstutter.

Not that the little man exactly outshone the other wonders. His dome for instance was no more shiny than the capitol's but it was the fact that he walked about carrying a broom that struck everyone's attention.

To see a janitor or a street cleaner carrying a broom would not be any particular novelty but Vacuum Bloobstutter was obviously no janitor. His neat pin-striped suit was expensive of tailored. His handwork was new and fashionable. The fresh carnation in his buttonhole made him seem a man of importance, despite his stature and rather vague face. Such a man, carrying a broom, would be cause for comment anywhere even in Washington where congressmen sometimes do amazingly strange things.

But there was reason, both for Bloobstutter's fine clothing and his broom. He was dressed in the height of fashion as befitted the general manager of the United States Hoist Making Corporation largest company in the whole world. And he carried the broom because it was a magic broom subservient to his every wish a broom that he had once inadvertently obtained from a witch and the object primarily responsible for his rapid rise from humble beginnings as a doughnut holemaker to a position of great power and trust.

Mr Bloobstutter was in Washington for an important appointment with his congressman. Even now he glanced at his watch and said half-aloud, "Ten minutes to two! Oh dear! I'll be late for my appointment! And not a cab in sight! Oh dear!"

He looked up the street and down the street, peering intently through his thick glasses, as if the more looking would bring a taxi But none was in sight. In despair, he cried,

"Ma Oh My
How time does fly
Tempus fugits,
So must I!

Brrrrrrooooop!

The night seers, who thought they'd been seeing nights before were now *really* seeing a night. They saw a broom zooming into the air like a jet plane with a little well-dressed man clinging to it for dear life. Bloobstutter was really startled. In his absent-minded way he had forgotten that any desire expressed by him in rhyme would bring immediate action from the magic broom. But once they had neared the top of the Washington monument he regained his wits and gave suitable instructions to the broom to carry him to the congressman's office. When he arrived the congressman congratulated him on his promptness.

AFTER the congressman had shaken hands with Bloobstutter and Bloobstutter had counted his fingers to see if they were all there, they got down to brass tacks.

"Ouch!" exclaimed the congressman springing from his chair. "Who has been putting brass tacks in my seat?"

Bloobstutter didn't know but he agreed that it was a rather mean trick as he carefully removed the brass tacks from his own chair.

Retrieving the tacks from the seat of his own chair the congressman said "This reminds me. I have to work on the *income* tax bill."

"But you can spare a moment to hear my suggestion?" Bloobstutter said tentatively "It will revolutionize our monetary system. It will save the country thousands of dollars."

"You may quote me as saying that I am ever in favor of saving the taxpayer's money" declared the congressman, eagerly. "What is your plan."

"Our money should have holes in it" said Bloobstutter.

The congressman looked at the little, balding man. "Come again?"

"Our money should have holes in it"

repeated Bloobstutter. "Now my company is prepared to ——"

"*MISTER* Bloobstutter!" interjected the congressman. "I'm a busy man. I'm representing *ALL* the people. I have no time to sit here in idle jest. Holes in our money indeed! He stood up and paced across the office.

"I have here some samples of coins with holes in them," said Bloobstutter, taking several coins from his pocket. "If you would examine ——"

"Good day sir!" thundered the congressman. "Get out! Get out! I'm a busy man, working for the best interests of the people of this glorious nation and you bother me with such trifling jokers. Get out!"

Bloobstutter a timid man at best left hastily. The congressman wiping his brow with a corner of his handkerchief, sat him self on the corner of his desk. It was the corner where he had previously placed a shiny metal object.

"Ouch!" he declared, unequivocally.

BLOOBSTUTTER sat back in the cab he had found in front of the congressman's office and ordered the driver to take him to the hotel. The little man was depressed but not defeated. He had a card up to see his senator. He would tell the senator about the big advantages to be derived from having money with holes in it. He mentally rehearsed the various points he had intended to bring up with the representative before the unfortunate incident of the brown inkwell.

"If money had holes in it, women would wear dimes around their necks like pearls or beads. This would bring a lot of business to the U S Mint. Men could string a couple of quarters to their key chains. Thus they would always have money for cab fare home or a hamburger sandwich or whatever emergency might arise. Little kids are always losing money when they go to the store for their mother but if there were holes in the money Mom could tie it to them and be sure they wouldn't lose it."

Bloobstutter reflected Holes in money he thought would not only bring more business to the U S Hole-Making Corporation but would also be a boon to mankind generally. He would go to his hotel wash up, call his senator and make an appointment.

"Here we are, Jack," said the cab driver. Bloobstutter looked out. His hotel.

Absent mindedly he pulled a handful of money from his pocket to pay the cab driver. He handed them over. "Keep the change" he said, generously.

The cab driver looked at the coins, then scrutinized Bloobstutter. He whipped a revolver from the sun visor over the windshield and pointed it at the startled little man.

"W-w-what's this, a holdup?" cried Bloobstutter.

"Holdup nothing!" responded the cabbie. "Look at this money with holes in it. You're defacing U S currency boh I'm going to hold you for the F.B.I. It's against the law to deface United States money."

Beads of perspiration streamed down Bloobstutter's face. He always quivered like an aspen when even a finger was pointed at him, let alone a gun. Half aloud he said

"This situation
Is a honey
I wish I'd never
Put holes in money"

It was no mere coincidence that he had hold of his brown when he said it it had become a habit for Bloobstutter to clutch his magic broom at all times.

The cabbie said "I don't know what you're mumbling about but the F.B.I. will send you up for a long stretch. Making holes in this half-dollar and this two-bit piece and this ——"

He stopped speaking as he looked down at the coins in his hand. They were all nailed to holes, perfectly formed holes, just as they'd come from the mint.

The cabbie lowered his gun.

He handed the money back to Bloobstutter.

This ride is on the house Doc," he said. "I—well I guess I made a mistake. Sometimes the best here in Washington gets a man down If you want any anything about it, I won't say anything about it."

RATHER dazed, Bloobstutter took the money left the cab and headed for his hotel. He still intended to seek out his senator and make a try for holes in coins. But not just now. He wanted to lie down for awhile and gather his wits about him. But before lying down, he carefully ran his hand over the bed. He didn't want to get down to brass tacks.

THE END

VACUUM BLOOBSTUTTER gives you laughs every month in MASTER COMICS.

COLONEL CORN AND KORNY KOBB
"CRYSTAL GAZERS"
KORNY COBB FORTUNE TELLER AND MIND READER
ONE DAY AT THE CARNIVAL GROUNDS IN PODUNK
HUH? IT CAN'T BE! BUT IT IS!
KORNY KOBB! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
CAN'T YOU SEE, COLONEL CORN? I'M THE FORTUNE TELLER AND MIND READER HERE AT THE CARNIVAL!
KORNY COBB FORTUNE TELLER AND MIND READER

GOSH I NEVER KNEW YOU WERE GIFTED WITH SUCH POWERS!
OH, YES EVEN BEFORE I GOT INTO IT AS A PROFESSION, I WAS AN AMATEUR MIND READER
REALLY! WELL, HOW ABOUT READING MY MIND?
I SAID AMATEUR MIND READER.
NOT INMATURE!
AW, S'WAN, I BET YOU CAN'T TELL MY FORTUNE.
OH, YES I CAN! AND I'LL PROVE IT TO YOU
ASK ME ANY QUESTION ABOUT YOUR FUTURE YOU WANT AND I'LL ANSWER IT FOR YOU FOR FIFTY DOLLARS!
GIVE YOU FIFTY DOLLARS TO ANSWER A QUESTION! WHAT AM I, AN IDIOT?
HAH...
THAT'S AN EASY QUESTION TO ANSWER! SURE, YOU'RE AN IDIOT!

STOP STALLING ARE YOU GOING TO TELL MY FORTUNE OR NOT?
ALL RIGHT, COME INSIDE BUT IT WON'T BE EASY
WHY NOT?
BECAUSE I'LL HAVE TO GO IN A TRANCE
...AND THAT MEANS WE'LL BOTH BE IN A TRANCE BECAUSE YOU'RE ALWAYS IN ONE!
NEVER MIND THE WISE CRACKS! START GAZING INTO YOUR CRYSTAL
HMMM! IT'S BEGINNING TO GET CLEAR, CORNEL CORN...I SEE YOU BECOMING ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS AND IMPORTANT MEN IN THE WORLD!
REALLY! OH BOY!
QUICK, KORNY! TELL ME, WHEN WILL I BECOME FAMOUS?
DO YOU KNOW THAT PICTURE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON STANDING UP IN A BOAT WHILE CROSSING THE DELAWARE?
OF COURSE I KNOW IT BUT WHAT ABOUT IT?
WELL, YOU'LL BE FAMOUS WHEN GEORGE WASHINGTON SITS DOWN!
WHAT ELSE DO YOU SEE IN THERE KORNY?
HMM...I SEE YOU INHERITING A FORTUNE! SOMEONE IS GOING TO LEAVE YOU FIVE MILLION DOLLARS!

FIVE MILLION DOLLARS! YIPPEE!
WAIT'LL MAMA A MISTAKE — IT'S FOUR MILLION DOLLARS!
(SIGH) I KNEW IT WAS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE
!!!
AND YOU'RE TOO DUMB TO BE ALIVE!
DON'T STOP, KORNY GO AHEAD, TELL ME THE REST OF MY FORTUNE
I CAN'T YOU'VE BROKEN THE MOOD.
WELL, I NEVER MIND MY FORTUNE THEN READ MY MIND INSTEAD
ER, ALL RIGHT, BUT I'LL HAVE TO CHARGE YOU TWENTY FIVE DOLLARS
WHAT YOU WANT TWENTY FIVE DOLLARS TO READ MY MIND?
THAT'S RIGHT — ONE DOLLAR TO READ YOUR MIND — AND TWENTY FOUR DOLLARS TO FIND IT!

HI PALS! HERE ARE THE WORDS TO THE SONG YOU'VE BEEN HEARING OVER THE RADIO IN SCHOOL AND WHEREVER GOOD AMERICANS OF ALL RACES AND CREEDS GET TOGETHER! BE SURE WHEN YOU MEMORIZE THE WORDS TO KEEP IN MIND WHAT THEY STAND FOR!

'I'M THE YOU IN THE U.S.A.'

(VERSE:)

A-MER-I-CA'S GOOD CIT-I-ZENS BE-GIN WHEN
THEY ARE YOUNG
TO MOLD THE CHAR-AC-TER FOR WHICH OUR
FREE-DOM THEY ARE SUNG;
FROM COAST TO COAST-FROM GULF TO MAINE,
WHERE-EV-ER FREE-DOM RINGS
A-MER-I-CAN YOUTH WILL MEET THE TEST, AS
EACH ONE LOUD-LY SINGS:

(CHORUS:)

WHEN UN-CLE SAM-MY POINTS HIS FIN-GER
AND HE SAYS, 'I WANT YOU' HEY!
HE'S POINT-ING AT THIS YOUTH-FUL SING-ER,
THE YOU IN THE U.S.A.
I'M JUST A KID STILL IN HIS TEENS WHO HAS-N'T
E-VEN HAD HIS DAY,
BUT BROTHER I KNOW THAT HE MEANS-
I'M THE YOU IN THE U.S.A
IN SCHOOL, AT HOME-AT CHURCH I LEARN THE
MEAN-ING OF FAIR PLAY,
THAT HON-ORS I MUST TRU-LY EARN:
I'M THE YOU IN THE U.S.A.
I'M ONE OF MY COUN-TRY'S FAIR-HAIRED LADS
GROW-ING UP THE A-MER-I-CAN WAY,
TO MATCH MY EX-PLOITS WITH MY DADS;
I'M THE YOU IN THE U.S.A.

LYRIC BY
MEL GOLD

MUSIC BY
FUNG AND MARGARET MELOPY

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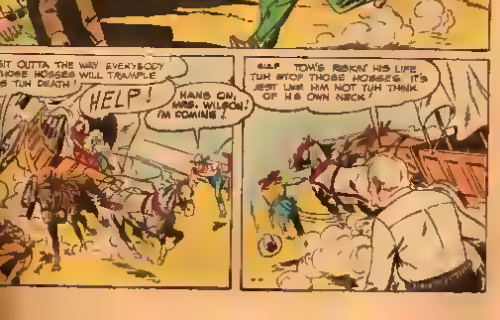
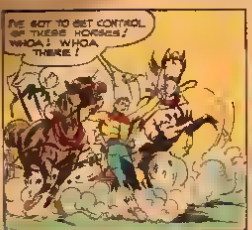
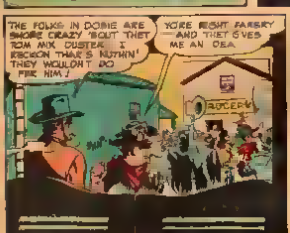
TOM MIX
IN KIDNAPPED!
ONE DAY IN DOBIE ..
HELP! HELP! THE HOSSES ARE RUNNIN' WILD!
IT'S WIDOW WILSON AND HER LITTLE GIRL!
BLAZING GUNS! THE POOR WOMAN AND HER CHILD WILL BE KILLED!—UNLESS THOSE RUNAWAY HORSES ARE STOPPED!
SHERIFF HOPE BANK DOBIE JAILHOUSE

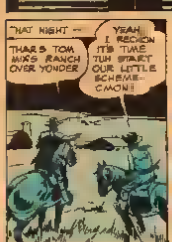

RT OUTTA THE WAY! EVERYBODY THOSE HOSSES WILL TRAMPLE S TUH DEATH!
HELP!
HANG ON, MRS. WILSON! I'M COMING!
GULP TOM'S RISKIN' HIS LIFE TUH STOP THOSE HOSSES. IT'S JEST LIKE HIM NOT TUH THINK OF HIS OWN NECK!


I'VE GOT TO GET CONTROL OF THESE HORSES! WHOA! WHOA THERE!

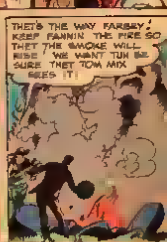
LOOK—TOM MIX DID IT AGIN! HE STOPPED 'EM!
I TELL YUH FOLKS, DOBIE IS MIGHTY LUCKY TUH HAVE A MAN LIKE TOM MIX AROUND!
I KIN NEVER THANK YUH ENOUGH TOM. YUH SAVED OUR LIVES!

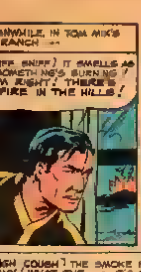

THE FOLKS IN DOBIE ARE SHORE CRAZY 'BOUT THET TOM MIX DUSTER. I RECKON THAR'S NUTHIN' THEY WOULDN'T DO FER HIM!
YORE RIGHT FARSEY —AND THET GIVES ME AN IDEA
SHERIFF

WALTER YUH HAVE A WAY AT THAT?
THESE FOLKS WOULD GIVE UP EVERYTHEY GOT TUH SAVE MIX IF SUMPTIN' SHOULD HAPPEN TUH HIM—AND THET'S WHAR WE COME IN


THAT NIGHT —
THAR'S TOM MIX'S RANCH OVER YONDER
YEAH. I RECKON IT'S TIME TUH START OUR LITTLE SCHEME—C'MON!

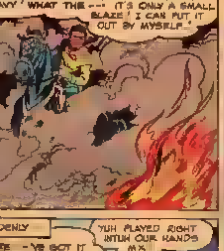
THE FUST THING WE GOTTA DO IS START THIS SMALL FIRE.

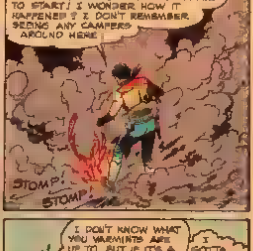

THET'S THE WAY FARSEY! KEEP FANNIN THE FIRE SO THET THE SMOKE WILL RISE. WE WANT TUH BE SURE THET TOM MIX SEES IT!


MEANWHILE, IN TOM MIX'S RANCH --
SNIFF! SNIFF! IT SMELLS AS SOMETHING'S BURNING! ALRIGHT, THERE'S A FIRE IN THE HILLS!

C'MON TONY! MAYBE WE CAN HELP PUT OUT THAT FIRE.

GOOD WORK TONY! WE'RE ALMOST THERE!


COUGH! COUGH! WHAT THE --- IT'S THE SMOKE IS AWFULLY BAD! I'LL PUT IT OUT BY MYSELF!
BLAZE! I CAN PUT IT OUT BY MYSELF!

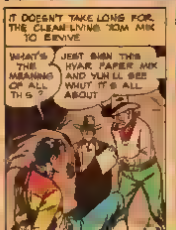

THIS IS A STRANGE PLACE FOR A FIRE TO START! I WONDER HOW IT HAPPENED? I DON'T REMEMBER SEEING ANY CAMPERS AROUND HERE!
STOMP!
STOMP!

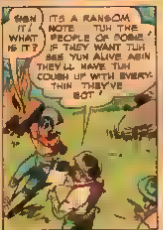
DENLY
YUH PLAYED RIGHT INTUH OUR HANDS MIX
PLOT!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU VARMINTS ARE UP TO BUT IF IT'S A FIGHT YOU WANT -- YOU'LL GET IT!
I GOTTA ACT FAST! WE'RE NO MATCH FER MIX IN A FAIR FIGHT!
POW!
SMACK!

BUT WHO'S INTERESTED IN A PAIR FEET ?
CONK!
UGH!

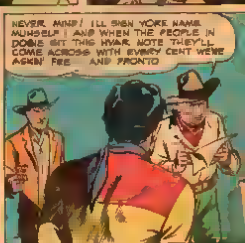
WOW! THET MIX HITS LIKE A MULE HE ALMOST BROKE YUH JAW...
CUT THE PALAVER! WE'VE GOTTA T'E N'M UP PRONTO

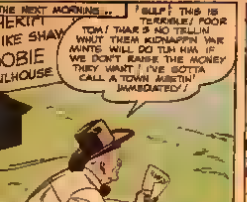

IT DOESN'T TAKE LONG FOR THE CLEAN-LIVING TOM MIX TO REVIVE
WHAT'S THE MEANING OF ALL THIS ?
JEST SHEN THIS HYAR FAPER MIX AND YUH'LL SEE WHUT IT'S ALL ABOUT

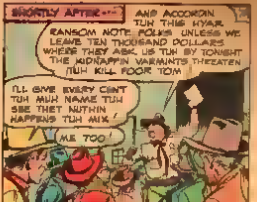

SHEN IT'S WHAT HE IT ?
IT'S A RANSOM NOTE TUH THE PEOPLE OF DOBIE ! IF THEY WANT TUH SEE YUN ALIVE AGIN THEY'LL HAVE TUN COUGH UP WITH EVERY-THIN THEY'VE GOT !

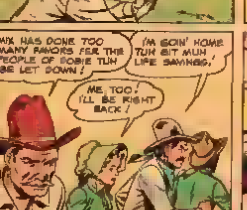
SO THAT'S THE LOW-DOWN GAME YOU VARMINTS ARE UP TO ! WELL, I'LL NEVER SHEN IT !

MEBBE THIS'LL CHANGE YORE MIND .
SMACK!
NOTHING YOU CAN DO WILL MAKE ME SHEN THAT RANSOM NOTE !

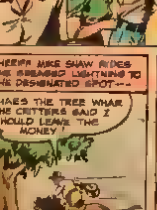

NEVER MIND ! I'LL SHEN YORE NAME MYSELF ! AND WHEN THE PEOPLE IN DOBIE GIT THIS HYAR NOTE THEY'LL COME ACROSS WITH EVERY CENT WE'VE ASKED FER AND PRONTO

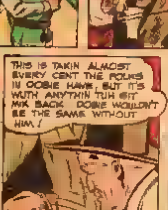

THE NEXT MORNING...
IKE SHAW
OBIE
ULHOUSE
GULP! THIS IS TERRIBLE! POOR TOM! THAR'S NO TELLIN WHUT THEM KIDNAPPIN VAR MINTS WILL DO TUH HIM IF WE DON'T RAISE THE MONEY THEY WANT! I'VE GOTTA CALL A TOWN MEETIN' IMMEDIATELY!

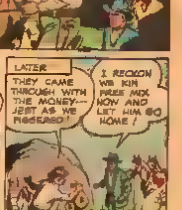

SHORTLY AFTER---
AND ACCORDIN TUH THIS HYAR RANSOM NOTE FOLKS UNLESS WE LEAVE TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS WHERE THEY ASK, US TUN BY TONIGHT THE KIDNAPPIN VARMINTS THREATEN TUH KILL POOR TOM
I'LL GIVE EVERY CENT TUH MUH NAME TUH SEE THET NUTHIN HAPPENS TUH MUH!
ME TOO!


MIX HAS DONE TOO MANY FAVORS FER THE PEOPLE OF DOBIE TUH BE LET DOWN!
I'M GOIN' HOME TUH SIT MUH LIFE SAWING!
ME, TOO! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

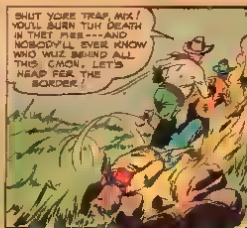
IN A SHORT WHILE---
THANKS TUH ALL OF YUH WE RAISED THE MONEY! NOW I'LL DELIVER IT SO WE KIN GIT TOM BACK!
GENER STOR DOBIE


WHEREIN MIKE SHAW RIDES HIS BEARDED LIGHTNING TO THE DESIGNATED SPOT---
THAES THE TREE WHAR THE CRITTERS SAID I SHOULD LEAVE THE MONEY!


THIS IS TAKIN ALMOST EVERY CENT THE FOLKS IN DOBIE HAVE, BUT IT'S WUTH ANYTHIN TUH GIT MIX BACK. DOBIE WOULDN'T BE THE SAME WITHOUT HIM!

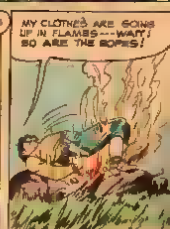

LATER
THEY CAME THROUGH WITH THE MONEY--- JEST AS WE RESEARED!
I RECKON WE KIN PERSUADE MIX NOW AND LET HIM GO HOME!

HUH MUST BE PLUMB LOCO FARMRY! MIX WOULD SIT ON OUR TRAIL IN NO TIME. WE CAIN'T LET HIM GO FREE!
YOU CRITTERS WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!
WHAM!


SHUT YORE TRAP, MIX! YOU'LL BURN TUH DEATH IN THET FIRE---AND NOBODY'LL EVER KNOW WHO WUZ BEHIND ALL THIS. C'MON, LET'S HEAD FER THE BORDER!

GROAN! THEY'RE GETTING AWAY WITH THE PEOPLE'S HARD-EARNED MONEY AND I CAN'T DO A THING TO STOP THEM!

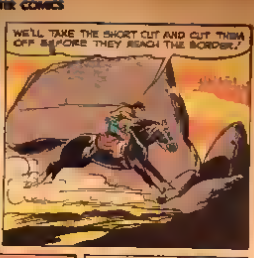
I'LL BURN TO DEATH UNLESS I CAN FREE MYSELF SOMEHOW!


MY CLOTHES ARE GOING UP IN FLAMES---WAIT! SO ARE THE ROPES!

THOSE ROPES SAVE WAY JUST IN TIME. ANOTHER FEW MOMENTS AND I WOULD'VE BEEN NOTHING BUT ASHES!

THOSE VARMINTS ARE HEADING FOR THE BORDER, BUT THEY HAVEN'T TOO MUCH OF A HEADSTART

DIG DIRT TONY!


WE'LL TAKE THE SHORT CUT AND CUT THEM OFF BEFORE THEY REACH THE BORDER!

MEANWHILE---
I'VE GOTTA HAND IT TUH YUH DUSTER THET SMOKE WUZ A SLICK SCHEME YUH WORKED OUT!
WE'RE NEARIN' THE BORDER, PARDNER! ANOTHER FEW MINUTES AND WE'LL BE ACROSS IT!

BUT AT THAT MOMENT--
GOOD RIDING TONY! THERE ARE THE THIEVING VARMINTS NOW!

FARDAY! I HEAR SUMPTIN HUH--
---IT'S TOM MIX!
(GULP!) I THOUGHT HE WUZ DONE FER!

I RECKON IT'S ABOUT TIME I CONFIFED THOSE NO GOOD COYOTES FROM GOING ANY FURTHER!

I DON'T WANT TO KILL THEM---
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!

-BUT MAKIMA THEIR HORSES REAR UP IS A GOOD WAY TO STOP THEM
E-E-E-E
BANG
BANG
PING!
OOOPS--I'M FALLIN
ME TOO
I INSURED THAT THE VARMINTS WOULD BE THROWN FROM THEIR HORSES WHEN THEY REARED
BUCK
NOW THIS IS WHERE I TAKE OVER
POW
WHAM
UGH
WHILE BACK IN DOBE---
ACCORDIN' TUH THE NOTE TOM SHOULD'VE B'N RETURNED BY NOW
THEM LYIN' CRITTERS MUST'VE KILLED TOM AN' BEAT IT WITH THE RANSOM MONEY, WELL FORM A POSSE AND GO SEARCH N FER 'EM
WAIT!--LOOK THARS TOM MIX NOW
YORE RIGHT! THANK GOODNESS HE'S ALIVE
I CERTAINLY APPRECIATE YOU FOLKS GIVING ALL YOUR MONEY TO THESE NO-GOOD KIDNAPPERS FOR ME. I'M HAPPY TO BE ABLE TO RETURN WITH THE MONEY--AND THE THIEVING MURDERERS!
HURRAY FER TOM MIX! HE'S THE GREATEST FRIEND DOBIE EVER HAD!
TOM MIX IS ON THE AIR!
BROADCAST FROM COAST TO COAST OVER THE MUTUAL NETWORK